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WORLD PEACE

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World Peace

A Drama

By

Frank P. and Kate Richards O'Hare

BRIEHL
WALLKILL, N. Y.

Price 25c

1915

THE NATIONAL RIP-SAW PUBLISHING CO.
PONTIAC BUILDING - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

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WORLD PEACE

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

This work is dedicated to the world peace and human brotherhood that can be realized when co-operation and justice have replaced competition and militarism in world commerce.

World Peace

A Spectacle Drama in Three Acts

BY

FRANK P. and KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

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The National Rip Saw Publishing Co.
1915

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

PEACE.
DEMOCRACY.
HISTORY.
WORLD FEDERATION.
AMERICA.
COLUMBIA.
AMERICAN BANKER
AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN
AMERICAN SPECULATOR
DRUMMER
MEDICAL SCIENCE.
CHARITY.
RELIGION.
RED CROSS.

THE KAISER
GERMAN STATESMAN
GERMAN BANKER
GERMAN BUSINESSMAN
THE KING OF ENGLAND
ENGLISH STATESMAN
ENGLISH BANKER
ENGLISH BUSINESSMAN
THE CZAR
RUSSIAN STATESMAN
RUSSIAN BANKER
RUSSIAN BUSINESSMAN
THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.
AUSTRIAN ARCH-DUKE
THE KING OF BELGIUM.
THE KING OF SERVIA.
THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.
THE KING OF ITALY.
THE SULTAN.

ARMAMENT MAKER
A CLERGYMAN

(The following characters are all individuals from the peasant and working class groups)

MESSENGER
BELGIAN MOTHER
BELGIAN CHILD
BELGIAN BOY
IRISHMAN (Fiddler)
IRISH MOTHER
IRISH CHILD
GERMAN WORKMAN
GERMAN WOMAN
GERMAN YOUTH
GERMAN BOY
FRENCH WORKMAN
FRENCH WOMAN
FRENCH BOY
FRENCH GIRL
RUSSIAN WORKMAN
RUSSIAN WOMAN
RUSSIAN GIRL
RUSSIAN LITTLE GIRL
ENGLISH WORKMAN
ENGLISH WOMAN
ENGLISH LITTLE GIRL
SERVIAN WOMAN
SERVIAN BOY
AUSTRIAN WOMAN
AUSTRIAN YOUTH
SCOTCHMAN (with bagpipe)
SCOTCH LITTLE GIRL
HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST
HUNGARIAN LITTLE GIRL

(Continued)

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY (Continued)

BRITISH, GERMAN, AUSTRIAN, HUNGARIAN, RUSSIAN, SERVIAN, POLISH, BELGIAN, FRENCH, AND TURKISH GROUPS OF PEASANTS AND WORKING PEOPLE, CONSISTING OF FATHERS, MOTHERS, OLDER AND YOUNGER CHILDREN.

NORWEGIAN, SWEDISH, DUTCH, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, ITALIAN, GREEK, DANISH, ROUMANIAN, BULGARIAN AND SWISS GROUPS, CONSISTING OF FATHERS, MOTHERS, OLDER AND YOUNGER CHILDREN.

PORTERS AND WORKINGMEN.

ACT I

RIGHT STAGE. This part of the stage is set with tables, around which are peasant groups of various European nations. Each group contains fathers, mothers, children, young men and maidens. Fathers smoking, mothers knitting, embroidering, crocheting and fondling children. The men exchange newspapers, discuss politics, pass cigars and cigarettes from table to table, light each other's pipes and clink wine glass with stein, all in peace and good will. Mothers display their work, show each other stitches and compare children.

Young men and maidens nod and smile to each other. Some pair off, a German youth and a French girl—a Russian girl and an Austrian youth, etc. Mild flirtations and innocent love-making.

The children play tag, ball, and marbles between the tables. A Belgian boy draws a long string of wiener-wursts from his pocket; A little English girl snatches a handful of crackers from a table and they feed each other with much laughter. A French boy makes friendly advances to a little Russian girl,

exhibiting a long stick of candy. The little Russian girl accepts the proffered friendship and they eat the candy, taking alternate bites. A little Hungarian girl and a Servian boy share their bread and cheese. A German boy creeps up and snatches a handful of pretzels from a table; his mother laughingly strikes at him over the table with a long stocking she is knitting and he runs off to share his pretzels with a little Scotch girl.

During this scene characteristic national folk music is heard from the various groups. A German workman plays a yellow clarinet; a Scotchman plays the Highland Fling on a bagpipe; an Irishman plays an Irish jig; a Russian workman plays a ballalaika; a Hungarian violin is heard. Snatches of folk songs of various nations are heard now and then from the various groups. All applaud the contributions to the gayety of the occasion and express enjoyment.

A French workingman looks up from the newspaper he is reading and addresses a German workingman.

FRENCH WORKINGMAN. The jingoes are working overtime; here is a fool pencil pusher who insists that in order to display our culture and patriotism we must all go to war.

GERMAN WORKINGMAN. Fools! All mouth and no brains. If the jingoes want war let them do the fighting. You and I have no stomach to cut each other's throats and I would rather drink a good draught of Muenchener than my brother's blood. [raises stein and drinks] I drink to peace and forswear war.

RUSSIAN WORKINGMAN. Hear! Hear! Let fools

rant and jingoes rave—it shall not disturb us. The Balkan situation did look somewhat alarming but that is all over now. I have here the agenda for the International Socialist Congress to be held in Vienna soon. It is full of good meat for our souls and when the workers of every nation on earth meet in that Congress of Labor we will sign and seal the pact of the International solidarity of labor. Then fool pencil pushers and jingoistic howlers will lose their occupation, and war will go out of business.

ENGLISH WORKINGMAN. You are right brother! We organized workers have found that business is international and does not concern itself with flags or countries but takes the toll of profits under any flag. Shall we be less wise, we workers? I trust not.. If business interests are international, so shall be the organization of the workers and we do not love the Fatherland less because we love the human race more. To be loyal, patriotic citizens of any nation we need not hate and distrust the men of other nations.

I propose a toast to peace, the international solidarity of labor and world-wide brotherhood. Who will drink with me?

All workingmen spring to their feet and drink to the toast.

LEFT STAGE. Screened from the groups on the right, but in sight of the audience, a group of the European bankers, business men and the armament maker is seated at a table. On the back wall is hung an immense map of Europe.

Enter (left) the Kaiser and the Emperor of

Austria-Hungary arm in arm. Business men, bankers and armament maker rise and step aside. The King of England enters (left) just behind them. The Kaiser greets the King of England effusively, kissing him on both cheeks.

KAISER. Here is my beloved kinsman! I trust that all is well with you, Georgie?

KING OF ENGLAND. Greetings most beloved cousin. All is well with me and my family; I trust God's choicest blessing rests on you and yours.

The Emperor of Austria-Hungary steps forward and greets the King of England.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. I greet you and pray that a thousand blessings rest on you and yours.

KING OF ENGLAND. I thank you from my heart and wish ten thousand choicest blessings for you and your family and nation.

The Czar and the President of France enter (left) arm in arm, followed by the Sultan.

KAISER. Behold what happiness is ours! Here is my dear cousin Nicky **[kisses the Czar effusively]**. How goes the world with you my cousin? And greetings to you, Mr. President **[shakes hands with President of France]** even though you are the one Republican sheep in the flock. **[All laugh]** and the "Sick Man"! **[The Kaiser shakes hands with the Sultan]**.

CZAR. Thank you, dear kinsman. My darling Crown Prince is less robust than I could wish and a few troublesome Republicans who must have imbibed their ideas of my French friend's nation, annoy me somewhat but in the main we feel ourselves in the hollow of God's hand.

Enter (left) the King of Servia, the King of Italy and the King of Belgium arm in arm. All turn to greet them.

KAISER **[To the King of Servia].** A hearty welcome, most beloved kinsman. You bring a welcome breath of sunny Southern skies and olive groves. God's blessing be with you and yours. **[Shakes hands with the Kings of Italy and Belgium.]**

KING OF SERVIA. A thousand thanks for your good wishes and we return them to you a hundredfold.

While the greetings of royalty have been taking place the business men, bankers and armament maker gather in front of the map consulting and pointing to the map to illustrate their arguments. German, French, Russian and English statesmen enter (left) and join business men, bankers and armament maker in front of the map. An English business man steps a little aside and calls an English banker who in turn calls the armament maker.

ENGLISH BUSINESS MAN. **[Aside to the English statesman]** The pressure of the competition of German trade is becoming unendurable; the trade supremacy of England threatens to slip from our grasp and leave us a second-rate commercial power. You must do something in this grave crisis.

ENGLISH STATESMAN. Quite true. We must find some way to strengthen our hold on the world commerce. Possibly our friend the banker, may suggest some plan, since we all know him to be such a practical man?

ARMAMENT MAKER. **[Interrupting]** There is but one way to maintain commercial supremacy: keep your army and navy up to the highest point of efficiency and

readiness for duty. Cannons are the "last words of Kings" and the safeguard of national commercial supremacy. Your only hope is in increased armament.

ENGLISH BANKER. I concur in the position of our friend and I stand ready to furnish the funds for increased armament. I feel it my patriotic duty to subscribe liberally to any loan our royal master may decide in his wisdom necessary.

[The English statesman calls the King of England aside to confer with him and the English banker while the armament maker passes over to engage the Kaiser, the German statesman and the German business man in conversation.]

ENGLISH STATESMAN. **[To the King of England]** Your Royal Highness, we have decided that the safety of English commerce demands an increase in armament and the immediate raising of our army and navy to the highest point of efficiency and readiness for action. A German war cloud is hovering over Europe and our only hope of maintaining peace is in preparedness for war. A most liberal military appropriation will be necessary. The loyalty and patriotism of our great financiers have already been sounded and they stand ready to subscribe fully a generous loan.

KING OF ENGLAND. **[With sadness and indecision]** But there are already snarls and mutters of discontent among the common people. They declare our taxes a grievous burden; I dread to rouse their anger and resentment. Increased armament means heavier taxes; heavier taxes may provoke a social revolution.

ENGLISH STATESMAN. **[In shocked horror]** Your Royal Highness, it grieves me to the heart to hear you

voice such forebodings. I pray you do not give heed to the vaporing of certain Labor M. P.'s who have wormed their way into Parliament by playing on the envy of the discontented members of the working class. The men of Old England are loyal sons and I assure you their patriotism will rise above the sordid counting of a few pennies in taxes when you make it clear that our world commerce is at stake.

KING OF ENGLAND. Perhaps you are in closer touch with my subjects than I am and I can but trust to your wisdom and loyalty. Kindly convey to my parliament at once my wish that the necessary loan should be arranged and bid our Minister for War make every preparation to strengthen our land and naval forces.

The Kaiser, the German business man, the German banker and the armament maker observe the action of the English statesman and the King of England with keen interest. The German group moves near to and in front of the map.

ARMAMENT MAKER. **[To the Kaiser]** Observe, your Royal Highness, the King of England is a shrewd and farseeing ruler. He grasps the mighty truth that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and I chance to know that the message he has just dispatched is to his parliament demanding still larger military and naval expenditures and through secret channels of information I know he has heavily increased his armament. I understand the friendly relations existing between your countries, but it is always well to be in readiness for an emergency. The only way to enforce peace is to be well prepared for war.

GERMAN BUSINESS MAN. **[Addressing the German**

group] I fear we face an industrial crisis. English guns control every gateway for our foreign trade. Consider our geographical position: hemmed in on every side, with every path blocked by England. [Points to map] The Straits of Dover, Gibraltar, Suez—all English—again, we have a well organized working class demanding an ever higher standard of living. Thus we compete with English business at a frightful disadvantage. We must have free access to the sea; we must have more coal and iron mines and we must occupy the minds of our working people with something else than trades unions and socialism. I seriously fear that England already has her eye on our sister nation, Belgium; she has long coveted the rich mineral wealth of that little nation and it behooves us to warn our royal master that danger threatens from that direction. It might be well to sound our bankers in regard to their loyalty in subscribing to a heavy loan to increase our navy and to strengthen our Belgian frontier.

GERMAN STATESMAN. It shall be done immediately.

The German group moves away from the map, accompanied by the armament maker, and draw closer together. The King of England, the King of Belgium and the President of France confer in whispers (left). The Czar, the Russian business man and the Russian statesman gather before the map and confer earnestly, but in words too low to be heard. The King of Servia and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary eye each other suspiciously and try to hear what is being said by the Russian group. The King of Italy and the Sultan, left alone, glance first at one group, then another, look much perplexed and finally light cigarettes and sit down to await developments.

GERMAN STATESMAN. **[To the Kaiser, indicating the conference of the King of England, the King of Belgium and the President of France]** That seems to hold a sinister threat for our nation, Your Royal Highness.

GERMAN BANKER. **[To the Kaiser]** If there is any question of our preparedness to meet whatever may arise, my loyalty to the Kaiser and the Fatherland demands that I subscribe fully any loan necessary for our protection.

ARMAMENT MAKER. **[To the Kaiser's group]** My factories are equipped and my loyal workingmen are waiting to supply the armament needed to protect the Fatherland.

KAISER. **[To the group around him]** I am a man of peace, but it is God's will that I should expend every force to protect our foreign commerce and guard our Empire from invasion. **[Turns to the armament maker]** I am ready to sign the order that will give you the task of doubling my armament, but it is wise to keep this fact a secret for a time. Those troublesome and ungodly Socialists in my Reichstag will raise a mighty clatter. Their heads are full of a senseless creed of anti-militarism, internationalism and the solidarity of labor. Their ranting is most distressing to my ears.

GERMAN STATESMAN: True, Your Royal Highness! They are a troublesome lot, but we have the support of press and pulpit and when the day of action comes you will find that well-garnished words of patriotism will sway the masses.

The Kaiser signs the armament maker's order book, and the armament maker passes over to where

the Czar, the Russian business man, the Russian banker and the Russian statesman stand before the map of Europe. The King of Servia and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary glare at each other with increasing anger and watch the actions of the Russian group with breathless interest.]

RUSSIAN BUSINESS MAN. We face a crisis that means life and death to the Russian nation. With an Empire greater than all of South America, rich but undeveloped, and a vigorous working class, we are hampered commercially. The business interests of a nation fatten not on what that nation can produce, but what it can sell to other nations. Whilst we conquered the Tartar hordes other nations captured the commerce of the world and have built national barriers that surround us on every side. The wares that we would sell and the goods that we would buy from other nations must all pass under the hostile cannons of a single nation, Germany and her allies. England, France, Belgium and North America would all be glad to trade with us, but the cursed German greed dams the flow of trade; and we, the greatest nation on earth, with the largest territory and most numerous population, are reduced to the shameful position of being imprisoned like a felon in a cell and exploited for the commercial glory of the German nation.

If we would live we must have access to the open sea. **[He turns and points to the map]** We have four navies on four seas, all isolated from each other. Here to the Northwest there are not only natural barriers, but our shipping must pass under the cannons of Germany. Here to the Southwest our only pathway is closed by Austria, and to the South the Dardanelles, under German influ-

ence, block us. We must cut a road to the Mediterranean Sea, that our shipping may reach the ocean roads of commerce unharassed by German influences. The question is: How shall it be done?

ARMAMENT MAKER. There is but one way. The tools I forge are the only ones that will cleave the path your soul desires. The ruler to the West **[pointing to the Kaiser]** already knows that you want that free pathway to the sea and he has just strengthened the armament of his nation to shut you out. It behooves you to plow it with my cannons, and do it soon, ere the strength of the Kaiser's arm becomes too great for you.

RUSSIAN STATESMAN. He is right. And I chance to know through the secret channels of diplomacy that Servia will be glad to join with us; she fears her ancient enemy, Austria-Hungary. Turkey is a weak and senile nation. Bulgaria is worn by war and Montenegro is but a dainty morsel for our appetite. Now is the time to strike. If the honor and glory of Russia is to grow we must sell the very coats from off our backs if necessary to buy the armament we need for this bold stroke for freedom.

RUSSIAN BANKER. It is not necessary. My loyalty to the Czar and Fatherland makes it my patriotic duty to subscribe fully any loan that may be necessary to protect and enhance our national honor.

KING OF ENGLAND. **[To his group]** God! This weight of militarism is a heavy burden to carry; sometimes I feel it will crush us utterly.

ENGLISH BANKER. True, Your Royal Highness, but the military insanity of the Kaiser makes it necessary.

KAISER. **[To his group]** The clatter of those ungodly Socialists and the clamor of discontent among my working people almost deafen me. Gathering military taxes when there is no war is a thankless job.

GERMAN STATESMAN. **[To the Kaiser.]** True, Your Royal Highness, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but divine wisdom made you king and the greed and avarice of England make it necessary for the Fatherland to bear a heavy burden of military cost.

CZAR. **[To his group]** Siberia and salt mine, dungeon and prison cell, knout and bayonet do not still the snarls of discontent among the rabble against the military tax. I am sick at soul of it all.

RUSSIAN BANKER. True, Most Noble Czar, but you were ordained of God to rule the rabble, and their sordid minds cannot comprehend that the greed and lust for conquest of the Kaiser makes the heavy burden necessary.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. **[Speaking to the King of Servia]** Why do you eye me with so much bitterness and suspicion? I am your most loyal friend. I trust you fully, for I have just sent my young prince on a friendly visit to your capital.

KING OF SERVIA. You misjudge me; I have no anger or suspicion in my heart, only love and veneration for you and your long and glorious reign.

The Austrian Archduke staggers in [left], stumbles across the stage to the Emperor of Austria-Hungary. The Emperor clasps him in his arms and eases his body into a chair near a table.

AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE. A Servian hireling has mortally stricken me. **[Falls forward on table, dead.]**

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. **[Turning to King**

of Servia] I know the blackness of your heart. You have not deceived me. I know that you have plotted with the brutal Czar to tear a pathway through my nation to the sea; you would have dismembered my country like a joint upon a butcher's block. Not satisfied with such black-hearted treachery, your hirelings have murdered my prince. I swear that you shall pay for this; I shall appeal to the Kaiser, and we will tear your country into shreds.

KING OF SERVIA. And I shall appeal to the Czar and we will crush you both.

Emperor of Austria-Hungary turns to the Kaiser.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. I must avenge the death of my prince, but fear Russia.

KAISER. I will protect you. **[Steps close to Emperor of Austria-Hungary]**

KING OF SERVIA. **[Moves to the Czar's side]** Nicholas, I need your aid.

CZAR. The ties of blood bind us together.

The other rulers listen with apprehension; France and England move to the Russian and Servian group. The Kings of Belgium and Italy and the Sultan of Turkey stand indecisive.

KAISER. I have feared this. Russia and France are even now marching across my frontiers. I shall hurl an army through Belgium at once. It is the only way.

KING OF BELGIUM. But we are neutral—our treaty—

KAISER. A scrap of paper cannot stand in the way of German safety.

KING OF ENGLAND. Germany violates Belgium neutrality! **[Turns to France]** England must protect the

integrity of smaller nations—we join with you and the Czar.

CZAR. I thank you both for your aid in this war of freedom.

King of Belgium joins the English and French groups.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. God and humanity call us to take this step. France will answer to a man, for the bitter score of 1870 is still unpaid and Germany still holds my Alsace and Lorraine.

The orchestra breaks into a clamor of discordant sounds which sound louder and louder. The involved rulers rush to the center of the stage, each shouting to their respective people, "The Fatherland is attacked, rush to the defense."

The King of Italy stands undecided by his chair as the clamor breaks—shrugs his shoulders, tosses aside his cigarette.

KING OF ITALY. **[To the Sultan]** I don't need any more seaports; neither do I seem to possess any commerce that anyone wants to take away from me, and I am somewhat at loss to know just what I should do. Of course, a treaty is a treaty and should be kept, but with war abroad and my Parliament full of Socialists at home I think neutrality is best for me. **[Leisurely lights another cigarette, ponders and walks slowly off stage [left], followed by Sultan.]**

With the appearance of their rulers, and as the crash of the impending war is heard, the peasants spring to their feet in astonishment and fear. Each national group huddles together, mothers frantically gather their children into their arms and

women and children cling terror-stricken to the men.

KAISER. **[To his people]** The unspeakable Slav, supported by the French, has invaded the sacred, blood-bought soil of the Fatherland from both frontiers. Your God and Kaiser calls you to the defense. To arms! To arms, noble sons.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. **[To his people]** The haughty Teuton marches on us and would grind France beneath his mailed heel. Arise, ye sons of France, and drive the invader into the sea, and God shall be your ally.

CZAR. **[To his people]** The German hordes swarm over the borderland and would subject Russia to humiliation and wipe our glorious name from the map of Europe. God and the Czar call you to the battle line.

KING OF ENGLAND. **[To his people]** The German barbarians would drive Britannia from the seas and wrest from us our heritage of glory and supremacy. They have violated the neutrality of the peaceful and inoffensive Belgians. England, the protector of all weaker sister nations, calls you to arms! My faithful sons, humble the Prussian despot, sustain the honor of old England and protect the neutrality of weaker nations. Your God and King calls you to wage this holy war of liberty.

ALL RULERS IN UNISON. **[To their respective people]** It is a war for freedom and against invasion. Your God and your country call you to the battle line to repel the invaders.

GERMAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN WORKINGMEN. **[Crying in chorus]** We will not go to war, those men across the line are our brothers and we will not murder them.

RULERS. [Answer in Chorus] Already we are invaded and those brother workingmen of yours are arming to murder you.

WORKINGMEN. [Each turning to his own group] Great God! What treachery. We must kill or be killed.

An Irishman stands his little daughter on a chair and clasps her and his wife in his arms. The mother weeps bitterly.

IRISH CHILD. Mammy, why does daddy look so sad and why does mammy cry?

IRISH MOTHER. The king has called daddy to go to war and fight for him.

IRISH CHILD. The English king?

IRISH MOTHER. Yes, darling.

IRISH CHILD. But, mammy, the English king has treated the Irish people bitter hard for so many years; why should daddy fight for him?

IRISH MOTHER. My God! child, you can't understand; it's war.

IRISH CHILD. What is war?

IRISH MOTHER. War is where men go to kill their enemies.

IRISH CHILD. Who are enemies?

IRISH MOTHER. Men of other nations, darling.

IRISH CHILD. Are they other little girls' daddies?

IRISH MOTHER. Yes, child.

IRISH CHILD. Daddy, are you going to kill some other little girl's daddy? Don't she love her daddy and won't she cry?

Fathers embrace wives and children, brothers embrace sisters, and lovers sweethearts.

Clergyman [enters left] walks to center of stage and addresses people.

CLERGYMAN. God and king have called each man to his colors to wage this holy war. In every war some men must fall. Your nation has need of sons, so tarry at my altar ere ye answer the bugle call and I will wed ye to the woman of your choice. God and your king command that ye breed before ye die.

CURTAIN.

ACT II

[LEFT STAGE] The peasant women of the warring nations are grouped in a semi-circle, each national group huddled together and seated on low stools. Their children are crouching at their feet and hiding behind their skirts. The neutrals are grouped together at the extreme left and slightly behind the warring nations. The women of the warring nations are anguish-stricken and weeping, and the people of the neutral nations seem frightened and anxious. The noise and turmoil of war is heard in the distance and with each fresh outbreak the people of the neutral nations grow more agitated.

[RIGHT STAGE] America and Columbia are seated on a flag-draped dais. The American business man, American banker, American speculator and the "drummer" are grouped near. They listen to the thunder of war and gaze on the terror-stricken women and children with pity.

COLUMBIA. Great God! How frightful. It makes my senses reel and my soul sick to think of such horrors. How can such things be in a world of culture and civiliza-

tion? Has the world gone stark, raving mad with the lust for blood?

AMERICA. Not at all. This war is but the outcome of civilized industrial life. It is distressing, it is true, but you should not allow sentiment to overshadow your practical common sense. Just think what a wonderful opportunity for business. **[Columbia shudders and hides her eyes from the appalling scene.]**

COLUMBIA. How terrible to think of business, when millions of human lives are lost, culture and art trampled into the dust, and civilization dragged back into savagery.

AMERICA. Quite true, but it is business that rules the world to-day and not sentiment.

A continuous stream of porters, carrying shoes, harness, saddles, clothing, bags of wheat, guns and boxes of ammunition, enter [right], cross in front of the weeping women and pass on their way to the battlefield.

AMERICA. There! Observe how foolish your objections. A stream of wealth is pouring from our shores to the warring nations and a stream of good European gold will come back to us.

COLUMBIA. But the gold is all stained with human blood, and our own working people are starving for the food we send to feed this war.

AMERICA. Mere Socialistic cant! The priests, bishops and church dignitaries have all expressed their opinion that it is a holy war. I have questioned my statesmen and they declare that it is being conducted according to the rules of world diplomacy; I have received advice from our great captains of finance and they declare the

war good for business. God ordained these wise men to guide our destinies. Be content woman, be content!

Peasant women rise one by one and cluster in center of stage for conference. They appeal to a Hungarian woman to carry a message to America pleading for intercession.

GERMAN WOMAN. Go, sister, to the great land across the sea and beg mighty America to stop this slaughter.

FRENCH WOMAN. Hurry, sister, ere it is too late. The great Napoleon once said that armies travel on their stomachs, and the granaries of Europe are bare of food. If America will sell our war lords no more food, the war must cease. We may starve, but better far to die of hunger than to be maimed with shot and torn with shell.

AUSTRIAN WOMAN. America is tender of heart and mighty in power; go tell how bitter are our sufferings, that her mighty strength may bring us peace.

RUSSIAN WOMAN. Go, tell the generous America that the arms she sends across the sea but prolong this hell of war. Every bullet may make a widow, every shrapnel a dozen orphans, and the dum-dum kills not alone the body of the man on the firing line but the heart and soul of the woman left behind.

ENGLISH WOMAN. Go, sister, and voice the cry of the harried, war-stricken women of Europe, and surely the great, tender heart of America will heed our cry and send us help.

SERVIAN WOMAN. America is called "The Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free." God grant that the "free" may hear the cry of the slaves of the war gods and make of our bravery our salvation.

MESSENGER. I will be your messenger.

ALL WOMEN. [In unison) God speed you on your way. God send us peace.

The Messenger crosses stage and kneels before America to make her plea.

MESSENGER. Oh! Great and powerful nation, I come as the living voice of all the war-cursed women of Europe. I kneel at your feet and supplicate for the strength of your might and the humanity of your heart that alone can save the continent of Europe from utter ruin and despair. Europe to-day is one vast charnel house, her highways are shambles, her farms are graveyards, her fields are quagmires soaked in human blood and polluted with rotting human flesh. Our factories, mills, mines and workshops are idle while the workingmen fight, die and rot in the trenches. Already the pick and flower of European young manhood have been transformed into bloated corpses whose stench pollutes the air, while famine and pestilence hover like vultures over every nation.

AMERICA. True, my dear madam! You have my heartfelt sympathy. I will call my people to gather in the churches and hold a day of prayer.

MESSENGER. A most pious thing to do, no doubt, but long and bitter experience has taught us that God is always on the side of the army with the best guns, and since there are guns enough in Europe and being manufactured in your armament factories to shoot the happiness of the women of Europe into fragments we are loath to wait until the guns decide whom God shall help. If agonized prayers could have brought us peace we would not have appealed to you. From a million agonized souls in Europe prayers are ascending at this moment.

AMERICA. My heart is with you, but, of course, I can take no official notice of your plea. Home is the place for women; men must settle the quarrels of nations in the manly way. Go home to your children and in God's good time the war will end.

MESSENGER. But listen, O! great nation, we have no homes. Millions of our men have been taken from us. How many are slain we do not know, but we do know that every time the sun passes from east to west thousands die. Our homes have been destroyed and more crumble every time a cannon roars or a shrapnel falls. Our protectors are gone and thousands of women in Europe bear beneath their anguished hearts the little lives that have been conceived in force, that will be nurtured in blazing hate and that will be born to deeds of violence and insanity. In a few weeks the Belgian women will give life to the hated offspring of the German invaders; the outraged Polish women will bear the fruit of the hellish lust of the Russian soldiers, and so the cruel, brutal story runs, involving every warring nation and bearing in its train horrors too frightful for human mind to grasp.

AMERICA. Madam, what would you have me do?

MESSENGER. I would have you order back into the harbor every ship loaded with food, either for sale or to be given in charity. Every pound of food you send the warring nations but helps the war lords to continue the slaughter. I would have you forbid the exportation of arms and ammunition. But for the armament you make and sell the warring nations, the murder must cease. In the name of womanhood, childhood and humanity, I demand that you stop the sale of war supplies and proffer mediation to the warring nations.

AMERICA. But, Madam, why do you come to me? I am only one nation and have problems enough at home without interfering in your European war.

MESSENGER. True you are only one nation, but you are the dominant nation of the Western world. You set the precedent of dictation of European politics when by your Monroe Doctrine you said no king or emperor should come to the Western world and extend his dominions. You have enforced that edict, not with battleship and cannon, but with moral power, and because of it two great continents are made up of sister republics who live in peace and harmony. Two score of republics stretch from pole to pole and their thousands of miles of boundary lines are unprotected by forts or soldiers, and these two-score governments are free from the curse of militarism. America is the mother of republics, and when you speak it will not be for one nation, but for the twenty that occupy the Western continent. Every ruler of the Western world will join in the proffer of mediation, but you must lead the way in this, as in the building of republics.

The neutral nations of Europe are only waiting for your leadership. They hate this war, but are powerless to act lest they be crushed.

The common people of the warring nations have no quarrel with each other and loathe the part they play in the orgy of murder, but they, too, are helpless victims. The power to stop not only this war, but cast the god war chained into the pit, and to rescue all mankind from his domination, is yours. Have you the courage to act?

AMERICA. Great God! How I long to take the step, but I am bound by unseen bonds—the domination of business interests—and Europe will not listen.

MESSENGER. Warfare is to business what drunkenness is to a weary man; false strength, false power that must be paid for in deadly reaction. And Europe will be glad to listen.

The porters continue to carry their wares across the stage.

America calls the American banker, speculator and business man for consultation.

AMERICA. **[Pointing to messenger]** You have heard the woman's plea. What is your answer?

AMERICAN BANKER. Preposterous! What insolence and presumption. Pray tell me what do women know of war or finance!

SPECULATOR. Impracticable! We have no call to interfere.

DRUMMER. **[Elbowing his way to the front]** Say, Sam, take it from me, if you let women butt in on this proposition hell will be popping. They don't give a damn for business; they are sentimentalists. Duck the petticoats, old man, or we are in for trouble.

AMERICAN BANKER. My friend is a little crude in his manner of expression, but quite sound as to logic. Allow me to donate half a million dollars to a fund to send doctors and nurses to Europe. It has always been the duty of womankind to bind up the wounds of the fallen, and if we can fix the minds of women on the noble work of nursing, they will not trouble us about an embargo or mediation.

DRUMMER. Good. I'll help in that. **[Hastily draws a roll of bills from his pocket and tosses it to banker.]**

America turns and pats the Messenger on the head with a fatherly air.

AMERICA. Madam, my heart bleeds for you and the women of your unhappy continent. I shall send Medical Science, one of God's best gifts to man, and Red Cross, the concrete expression of tender womanhood, to aid you in your day of sorrow.

America beckons and Medical Science, a young man physician, and Red Cross, a young woman nurse, enter [right]. America gives each an emergency case and they pass over to the weeping women, who view them without interest, and the pair pass on to the battlefield. [Leave stage left.]

MESSENGER. **[To America]** Believe me, I am grateful for your tenderness of heart and for your desire to succor us in our day of need, but I am not satisfied. Of what value to us will it be to have Medical Science and Red Cross bind up the wounds and heal the hurts of our loved ones, if, when they are healed, they must again go back to murder and be murdered?

Red Cross or Medical Science can bring no happiness to the hearts or ease to the souls of the women and children of war-cursed Europe.

AMERICA. Ah! Quite true, Madam, I understand. We must care for the women and children also. I will call my faithful aids, who have always been able to comfort my working people when strikes and lockouts, gunmen and Cossacks have brought death and suffering to their humble homes. I shall call Charity and Religion to you. **[America beckons, and Charity, a young woman dressed in black, and Religion, a young clergyman, enter right. They stand before America, who hands to Charity a basket of bread and to Religion a Bible. [Charity and Religion start to go.]**

[The drummer, suitcase in hand, is starting for Europe. He bumps into Religion accidentally and almost topples him over.]

DRUMMER. Beg your pardon, parson! I have to hustle to keep up with my job these days; business is simply humming.

RELIGION. I am happy to hear you say so, brother, for I am on my way to carry the consolation of religion to the unhappy continent of Europe and I trust you will contribute liberally.

DRUMMER. Sure! Just hold this stuff while I write a check. **[Thrusts his sample case, order book and grip on Religion, who stands and holds them awkwardly. The drummer writes a check, speaking as he writes.]** Well, take it from me, parson, the poor ginks need all the consolation they can get over there. That country is sure messed up something fierce.

RELIGION. I am happy to perceive that you have a tender heart and a realization of your Christian duty.

DRUMMER. Sure, Mike!

RELIGION. I am happy to have been chosen to carry the message of Christ to our unhappy brothers and sisters.

DRUMMER. What! Carry the message of Christ? Say, do you think I am going to put up my good money to have you spilling that "Peace on earth, good will to men" bunk around over Europe now? I should say not! Peace on earth! Nix! Not when our factories are running twenty-four hours a day, not when we are getting a hundred per cent advance on our shoes, not when unemployment here in the United States makes it possible for us to work our employes twelve hours a day and cut

wages to the bone. Say, we can get a full grown man for nine dollars a week, a peach of a girl for four and kids! Pshaw! They are so cheap we buy them by the carload.

RELIGION. Brother, I rejoice in your prosperity, but is there not serious danger of undermining the morals of your females by compelling them to work for so inadequate a wage as four dollars per week?

DRUMMER. Morals! What in hell has morals got to do with making shoes? I don't suppose it is particularly moral for us to send our shoes over there so the poor boobs can wade through the snow to shoot each others' head off, but it's darn good business. See, here, parson, if you haven't a better line on morals and business than that, I don't think I can trust you to spend my money. **[Starts to put the check back in his pocket.]**

RELIGION. **[In agitation]** You misunderstood me quite, brother! I see your viewpoint clearly. It is the message of Paul I wish to carry.

DRUMMER. Sure! Paul was all right! He was a good old scout. You just throw that stuff of Paul's about "servants, obey your masters," and "women, if you want to know anything, ask the old man at home" around in good big chunks and send me a bill for the chunks. So long! I got to keep moving. **[Drummer thrusts check in Religion's hand, snatches his sample case and rushes away.] [Exit left.]**

Religion and Charity pass over to the weeping women, who dumbly accept their offerings, impatiently reject them, or sadly turn away.

RELIGION **[Stoops and speaks to a Belgian child]** Here, my dear little child, is a tract and a nice bun this good, sweet lady and I have brought you. You must pray

God every night to bless the kind gentleman in America who sent us.

BELGIAN CHILD. I don't want no bun. I don't want no tract. I want my father. I want to go home. My grandpa is shot and my auntie is lying in the ditch all bloody. I don't like tracts and buns and war. I want to go home.

RELIGION. What shocking manners.

BELGIAN MOTHER. Leave the child alone. He had better starve than to grow up to be cannon meat.

Religion and Charity pass down the lines of women and children, meeting with indifference or rebuffs. They pause near left exit.

RELIGION. **[Speaks with deep sadness]** Sister, it is very evident that this is no place for us. These people are stiff of neck, hard of heart and adamant to the gentle voice of piety. Let us retire to some quiet spot and meditate and pray for their conversion. **[Both leave left.]**

MESSENGER. **[To America]** Bear with me, O! mighty nation, if I still plead. My sisters in yonder unhappy land are in desperate plight and you are our only hope. Do not think us ungrateful for all your charity. We know the heart of America is tender and the sympathy of America is universal, but every loaf of bread you send across the water but leaves another penny in the war lord's chest with which to wage the war.

AMERICA. Oh! Begone, woman. Begone! You drive me mad with your insistence. Governments do not take into account womankind. There is no place in our world diplomacy for the voice of woman. Leave me in peace that I may consult with those to whom I must account

for my every official act for the furtherance of the business interests and the material prosperity of my nation. **[America turns from the woman and consults with bankers and business men who stand grouped near the dais.]**

The messenger rises and passes over to Columbia and starts to kneel. Columbia hastily raises her to her feet and places an arm about her shoulder.

COLUMBIA. Do not kneel to me, sister. To-day it is your sons who fall in battle, to-morrow it may be mine. In the travail of giving life to sons we have been initiated into the holy sisterhood of mothers. The blood seal of giving life has sealed us unto a sisterhood that shall withstand the assault of creed and race, hate and war, death and the grave. Like you, I now have no voice in political government. The time has come for united womankind to declare that if we bear the sons, we, too, shall have a voice in the parliaments that send them forth to murder and be murdered. **[Addressing herself to America]** I array myself beside this woman. I am in accord with her demands that the exportation of foodstuffs and munitions of war shall stop and that America shall demand and secure mediation.

AMERICA. For God's sake, be quiet. Do not interfere with mighty problems that you do not understand. I have consulted with my advisers and they refuse the woman's plea. What can I do?

The drummer re-enters [right] and stands near America, looking on.

AMERICAN BANKER. It would be contrary to all the rules of world diplomacy.

AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN. It would interfere with business.

COLUMBIA. Diplomacy! Business! I care as little for these as you care for the millions of human lives that have been sacrificed upon the altar of greed. Such gods may satisfy men who never gave life to a child, but to us women who have paid the price for a human life they are but trash.

AMERICA. Be reasonable, woman! Be reasonable! We must be content with watchful waiting.

COLUMBIA. Watchful waiting! Yes, no doubt, that is sufficient for you men, but we women want quick and decisive action.

AMERICA. [In desperation] Ye gods! These women!

DRUMMER. Sam, I told you that if ever you let the petticoats get a look-in they would play the devil with things!

COLUMBIA. Are our children to blush for us in everlasting shame because of your inaction now? In all the history of the world no nation ever faced so sublime an opportunity to serve mankind as we; no ruler ever grasped so god-like a power; but once in the lifetime of the race does such an opportunity come, and all the future ages will loathe and despise us if we fail humanity in this crisis. From the crash and roar of war that grips the world to-day we are free; while the nations of Europe writhe in a death struggle like wild beasts in a jungle fight, we are at peace. The only powerful nation not hopelessly embroiled, we hold the confidence of all nations and the power to arrest carnage, to still the roar of war, to dam the rivers of blood and to bring peace to nations unable to secure peace for themselves. Like Jesus, who stood by the wind-tossed waves of Gali-

lee, we have the power to say to the war-tossed nations of Europe, "Peace, be still," and no matter how strong the surge of hate, no matter how blind the passion, no matter how deep the hold of the war demon—if we but speak, war will cease.

AMERICA. In God's name! Will you never cease your importunities? This is not our war. Militarism is to blame; Kaiser, King, Emperor and Czar are responsible; we must maintain our neutrality.

COLUMBIA. How Christlike! Militarism—that word seems to have a familiar sound. It has been a wonderfully convenient scapegoat for truckling politicians, but we women know that it is but another name for greed and profits. Kaiser, Emperor, King and Czar! Yes! they started the war, but we are going to end it. Neutrality—certainly the neutrality of hell—the money changer's pact with death—a bloody bargain with the war lords; peace with damnation, that the profits of these speculators may be protected. How shameful that we must admit that no patriotic passions sway us, no religious frenzy blinds our reason. We are not honest enough to espouse the cause of the nation we think most justified in this murderfest, Germany or England, France or Russia; the blood-stained gold of any nation is acceptable to us. We will furnish the machines of murder to any nation, to kill the people of any nation, if they but bring us "thirty pieces of silver."

AMERICA. In the name of God, woman, have you no mercy! Why press the white-hot brand of my own soul's condemnation into my heart? Am I not human like yourself, have I not eyes to see and ears to hear and reason that cannot be smothered; have I not a soul that sees and

feels and knows the cursed needlessness of the sufferings of mankind? Why add your scorn to my shame, humiliation and self-contempt? The golden chains of international finances and business make me a galley slave. I am helpless!

COLUMBIA. Forgive the bitter words. My love is far deeper than my scorn. You have at last had one truth seared into your brain—a government, like a home, must have both a father and a mother to be complete. I will call the allies of womanhood and they shall free you from your golden chains of slavery and act as messengers to carry the message of our nation to the world. **[Columbia beckons to Peace, a young woman in white, and Democracy, a young man.] [Enter right.]**

PEACE. The world is sick unto death of war and hate, bloodshed and murder, and demands peace. Peace asks of you, the only nation strong enough to make your will law, an official demand for mediation.

AMERICA. How can I give it, when the industrial situation of my nation forbids such action on my part?

DEMOCRACY. The industrial masters of the nation are industrial masters because "THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE" has allowed them mastery. But if our industrial masters insist on deluging the earth with blood in a competitive struggle to fertilize their money crop, the "WILL OF THE PEOPLE" can take from them their power to make wars, or to so order affairs that wars are inevitable. Shorn of this power, the war lords become powerless to wield their despotism and must perforce become peaceful-minded citizens.

The banker, speculator and business man standing near dais listen intently. With the statement of

Democracy they burst into a volley of objections, shouting "impracticable," "folly," "socialism," and "utopianism."

The Drummer elbows his way to front of group and addresses America.

DRUMMER. Confound it, Sam! I knew there was trouble ahead when I saw the women getting busy. We can shout "folly", "socialism" and "utopianism" until we are black in the face and it won't touch them. If they want mediation and peace, for God's sake give it to them, or they will be taking our shoe factories next. For, take it from me, they will get what they go after.

DEMOCRACY. Remember, this is a republic. When the people speak it is in the voice of command. The people are demanding that motherhood, as well as fatherhood, shall share the responsibilities of government; that differences between nations shall be settled by mediation, and that war shall be driven off the earth. Declare an embargo on the exportation of war munitions; issue an official demand for mediation and, like dew from Heaven, peace shall bless the earth.

AMERICA. I consent; I shall send a message to the warring nations. In the name of humanity and civilization I shall demand that this war and all future differences between nations shall be settled by Mediation, and the decree of our nation is that peace shall be the price that every king and emperor shall pay for our commodities, and in the future no son of ours shall damn his eternal soul making munitions of war.

COLUMBIA, PEACE, DEMOCRACY AND MESSENGER. **[Cry in unison]** Glorious! Flash this message to all the world—this manifesto of the American nation.

DRUMMER. Gee whiz! War sure got a knockout punch that time, but no use to cry over spilled milk—people will still wear shoes, so I must hustle and get to the next move.

American business man, banker and speculator quietly leave the stage. [Exit right.]

The Messenger, escorted by Peace and Democracy, goes back to her place among the European women. During the entire scene the orchestra has maintained the muffled sounds of distant warfare. As Peace and Democracy start on their mission the sound of warfare dies away and the orchestra plays "Lead, Kindly Light."

Peace and Democracy go to the weeping women, lifting the draperies of mourning and dropping them at their feet. The European women, half-blinded by weeping and stupefied by sorrow, try to show their gratitude. Some cross themselves, some fall on their knees, and others cluster about Peace, kissing her hands and garments. The children spring to their feet, shouting in chorus.

IRISH CHILD. The war is done, Peace has come, daddy is coming back to us, and we will all go home.

The Pilgrim's Chorus is heard afar off, and slowly a pitiful, tattered portion of the men who went to war creep back into view [enter left]. Some are maimed and crippled, some are carried on stretchers. The women and children fall upon their knees beside the stretchers that hold their men, others embrace the cripples, and the women who have received the "Death Letter" gather their children in their arms, crushed by their sorrow. The Belgian

mother, who has received a "Death Letter," straightens her shoulders, wipes the tears from her eyes and, leading her son of twelve by the hand, steps forward and speaks.

BELGIAN MOTHER. Long and black has been our night of sorrow, flame scorched has been the hell we've trod, desolate is the heritage the war gods have left us but our children must live. Someone must smooth down the graves and replant the vines and wheat, someone must rebuild the ruined homes and shell-swept cities, someone must make our blood-soaked continent habitable. The war lords have killed our men, and we women folks must shoulder the burden of rebuilding civilization. An ocean of tears cannot wash away the stains of blood, a lifetime of repining cannot bring back the life of a single man. We must bury our sorrow with the rotting bones of our husbands and make a new earth for the children they have left behind.

Red Cross and Medical Science busily care for the wounded. Charity and Religion offer the gladly welcomed bread, workmen enter slowly with tools of rehabilitation, hammers, spades and trowels. America gazes upon the scene, then turns to Columbia.

AMERICA. You are right. The blood-stained gold of war is not good business.

CURTAIN.

ACT III

The stage is set to represent a great council chamber. About the walls are hung the flags of all nations and on the back wall hangs a great map of Europe all splashed with blood.

[LEFT] Seated in ornate chairs are the King of England, the King of Belgium, the King of Servia, the King of Italy, the Czar of Russia and the President of France; the Kaiser, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary and the Sultan. The European statesmen, bankers, business men and the armament maker are standing just behind the rulers.

[CENTER] Seated about a long table are the Mediators—America, Columbia, Peace, History and Democracy. Standing just behind them are Medical Science, Red Cross, Charity, Religion and Messenger, American banker, business man and speculator, and the "drummer".

[RIGHT] The common people of all nations.

The King of England steps forward and addresses the mediators.

THE KING OF ENGLAND. Most honored mediators: We are gathered here to discuss the terms upon which peace may be declared and this sad war ended. The long and glorious history of my nation needs no repetition. The honored folds of England's banner have ever been thrown in protection about each weaker nation that needed our protection. Britannia, Queen of Commerce, Mistress of the Seas, Protector of the Weak, and Defender of the Faith, could do nothing less than rush to the defense of our shamelessly invaded sister nation, Belgium. I pledge you upon the sacred honor of my nation that our royal skirts are clean of human blood. England has always tried to maintain the balance of world power so that no weaker nation should be oppressed, and our great navy has been the international policeman of the world, safeguarding the rights of all. England demands that the German despot shall at once evacuate Belgium and make suitable recompense to that nation for all the wrongs and crimes so far wrought. We demand that there shall be no German interference in our hold of the balance of world power, that weaker nations may not be oppressed; and we insist that our navy shall continue to be the international police force of the world to protect each nation in its sacred rights.

The King of England retires and the Czar of Russia steps forward and addresses the mediators.

CZAR. Most honored mediators: It is with perfect assurance that I address you, for I know that all just judges must declare that I represent the true culture, the sacred democracy and the Christian spirit of modern civilization. The tender care of the "Little Father" for his children is known the whole world round. Free-

dom, love, paternal care, peace and plenty has been the portion of the people of Russia. Mine is a nation that loves peace and I hold every drop of Russian blood sacred —far too sacred to be spilled in any but a holy war of freedom. Russia was suddenly attacked by Germany and forced into this war against the will of my people. Before I heed your cry of peace, you must assure me that my demands shall be met. For my nation I demand that Austria, who so wantonly attacked Servia, shall make full reparation to that brave nation; that Germany shall indemnify us for all losses suffered by us in Russian territory, and that an open gateway from the Baltic shall be forever guaranteed our commerce. We also demand an open pathway from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean; that the fortifications that have menaced our shipping be razed; that the portions of Poland and Galicia now occupied by the Russian forces be ceded to the Russian Empire, and that Germany, Austria and Turkey jointly indemnify my empire for all the costs of this war of defense. **[Retires.]**

President of France rises and steps forward to address the mediators.

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE. The attack upon our nation by Germany was uncalled for and came upon us without warning and at a time when France was engaged in the vocations of peace and had no thought of the possibility of war. Our choicest men have been killed, our fields ruined, our cities razed and millions of francs in property destroyed by the invaders. For this destructive attack France demands an indemnity from Germany and the return of Alsace and Lorraine. We feel that we are justified in asking this reparation, for we

did not wage a war of aggression, but of defense—defense not alone of ourselves, but of Belgium. We declare our skirts are clean of the blood that has been shed.

The President of France retires and the Kaiser advances and addresses the mediators.

KAISER. The facts show that Austria, justly reprimanding Servia for the wanton murder of the Archduke, was confronted by an attack from Russia, who, under a pretext of friendship for Servia, seized the long-hoped-for opportunity of destroying Austria-Hungary, that Russia might win the mastery of the Balkans and the Slavic nations, and thus win through to the Mediterranean. Russia, with her ally, France, had perfected a conspiracy to attack and overwhelm Germany as a necessity if Austria were to be dismembered. We struck and struck first through the traitor-nation, Belgium, but we struck for the very life of the Fatherland. We have suffered in silence for many years, but at last the pressure became too great to bear. When the hour came that the life of the Fatherland was at stake our workmen laid down their tools and took up their guns, and they will stand by those guns until we can convince an envious world that our rights must be protected. We welcome the thought of peace, but that peace can only come when the paths of commerce that lead through Gibraltar, Dover and Suez are unblocked by British cannons. By "the Divine Right" of kings I rule my wide domain. I was ordained of God to rule my people for their own salvation, with an iron hand if necessary. If blood has flowed it is because God, the Kaiser, or the Fatherland, was attacked, and with the power of God to strengthen my iron might I have smitten the enemies of God and Kaiser.

If necessary, I will wage this war until every man is dead. The lives of my people are mine, and if my "divine right" to rule is questioned I will use them all.

The Emperor of Austria-Hungary steps forward and addresses the mediators.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. There can be no question of my right to rebuke the treachery of Servia and resist the aggression of Russia. Unless I would submit to seeing my nation torn into shreds no other course than that I took was possible. I desire peace, but demand that Servia shall do homage to the majesty of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; that Russia shall evacuate Galicia and that a suitable indemnity be paid to us. **[Retires.]**

HISTORY. In this world war that involves all nations, I see none to praise and none to blame. Standing apart and viewing the struggles of mankind from afar off, none has the right to judge between the nations. Each has battled in accordance with its own vision; each has been compelled to do what it has done by elemental conditions that could only have been overcome by wiser and stronger men than the race has evolved.

PEACE. **[To History]** Are you, then, in accord with the church dignitaries who declare this to be a holy war?

HISTORY. Not at all; I simply declare that the great empires of to-day are the few survivors of the countless bloody struggles in which countless nations have perished and been absorbed by the conquerors. Yet we know that within each of these empires there is the largest measure of social peace ever known to suffering mankind, and this social peace covering broad areas is the result of previous wars of aggression and exploitation. America, England,

France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria, all empires and nations, have their title deeds written in blood.

PEACE. But my prophets have lived in every age and sought to win a stubborn race to my banner. Isaiah, Jesus, Buddha, all have spoken in my name.

HISTORY. Yes, and found many disciples. In every age an ever-growing portion of mankind has revolted against war, but their hour had not come. Like the voice of John crying in the wilderness, they foretold the day that shall dawn with the passing of this black night of world war.

PEACE. **[Speaks to the rulers]** You all say that you desire peace, but you make your terms on such a basis that only armed respite from war can ensue. The great underlying cause for war will remain to produce still greater outbreaks in the future. Your competitive struggle for world commerce; your efforts to hamper each other's freedom of international intercourse, leave you all animated by jealousy and hate, envy and suspicion. Some proposal must be made that, when accepted, will make this world war the last of wars. Some plan must be proposed that will enable the interdependent nations of Europe to disarm and live in peace and co-operation while future history unrolls the scroll.

Messenger steps forward and addresses mediators and rulers.

MESSENGER. It is God's truth that Peace has spoken. It is not an armed truce we women want, but lasting peace. By suffering and anguish, blood and death we have learned the bitter lesson that all the trappings of war cannot bring that peace. Not even if we spend one-half of all of our wealth for armament and

give the best years of the lives of all of our sons to soldiering can ponderous forts and thundering cannons and swaggering soldiers bring peace. **[Turns to the rulers]** You kings, emperors and presidents have all asked for indemnities, for gold to pay you for the loss of cities, fields, factories and commerce. I ask you what king or ruler will, or can, pay us women for our dead men, for our helpless cripples, for our outraged women and for our tragic sufferings? Who can pay! who will pay us women for OUR losses in this war? When you have given back every dead man to our arms, when the violated bodies of our daughters are uncontaminated, and the little lives conceived in lust are sent back to their fathers' loins; when our homes have been replaced as they were and the hellish memory of this cursed year is wiped from our minds, then it is time for you to talk of damages, indemnities and payments!

A banker springs to his feet and appeals to the mediators.

BANKER. I protest against this woman's taking part in these deliberations; the things we are here to discuss are not within woman's realm; they belong to the world of men. I represent the financial interests of the world. King, emperor, president and czar, I am the friend of each and the supporter of all. I do not care for the form of government, republic, kingdom or empire, all must come to me for gold. For even the democratically expressed will of men I have no fear, for men are so imbued with the doctrine of the sacred rights of property that they will vote for the protection of my interests. But woman's advent into the field of political action chills me with dread and foreboding. Women, emo-

tional and sentimental, will only consider human life and will jeopardize my interests when in the course of natural events it becomes necessary to sacrifice a thousand or a million lives to protect the business interests of a nation. You may re-make the map of the world, topple thrones, dethrone kings and melt crowns for baby rattles, and I will not suffer. But I warn you with all earnestness that if you open the door of political recognition to women the very foundations of our civilization will crumble. **[Retires]**

HISTORY. But women are the creators of civilization—they made the first tools, developed the arts, builded the first homes, tamed the first animals, broke the first furrow and reaped the first harvests, while men were busy with arms and slaughter and exploit! And that free, emancipated German woman of the olden day! Are not all ye fair-haired Northern people from her womb, and great because ye inherit her greatness?

MESSENGER. **[To the Banker]** Well we know that kings, emperors and presidents are but pawns with which you play the game of finance. To the bitterness of our souls we know that back of every king stands the banker who reaps the golden harvest when nations go to war. O God! We know that every modern war that has raged, that every drop of spilled blood, every whitening bone and rotting carcass is the price we women pay for your profits.

HISTORY. But we also know that back of the banker and his profits is the changeless law of progress. The all-important law of life is—to live. To live, mankind must eat, drink, find shelter and raiment—love and propagate the race. All life has been a struggle to live—

the strong to live upon the labor of the weak and the weak to live at any price. Slave-master, feudal lord and profit monger have all waged wars for the same purpose —to enhance their power to live more luxuriously upon the labor of slave, serf and wage-worker. While the masters struggle for power and profits the workers struggle for life more abundant and out of your brute struggle for profits and the blind struggle of the workers for life has come this world war. From this world war alone can come world peace.

PEACE. Great God! Are we to understand that History sanctions war?

HISTORY. History sanctions nothing, opposes nothing, advocates nothing; history records. Act by act, scene by scene I have recorded the endless drama played by humanity upon the world stage. Ever enlarging have been the activities, the vices and the virtues of mankind. Briefly, the drama of mankind since the days of Cain has been played in aggression. In their little narrow world man fought against man, then clan against clan, then tribe against tribe and city against city and ever as they fought their horizon grew broader, their numbers greater and their sense of co-operation stronger. At last I wrote the story of a nation at peace within itself because of past tribal wars and now I write the story not only of nation at war with nation, but of the nations that make up half a continent fighting side by side, the largest instance of co-operation that has ever been written on the scroll of life.

DEMOCRACY. In the crucible of this world war the workers of all nations have been fused; in the flames of this world war the petty powers of kings and money

changers have been consumed. A united, chastened race shall arise from the ashes of war-scorched Europe and build a world kingdom on the broader wisdom of the right of every human being to live. To live, not upon the weakness of his brother, but by paying the debt of useful labor and helpful service for the rich gifts of nature. The price of a world war is too heavy for mankind to pay for the privilege of the few to live upon the labor of the many. There is but one more great field of unity for mankind to occupy—a world united in a war, not to conquer men but the hostile forces of nature.

MEDICAL SCIENCE. Too long has my strength and the loving service of my helpmate Red Cross been absorbed in patching up the men maimed in man's bloody wars. If Democracy has spoken truly and this world war has slain the war god because mankind has found his price to great to pay, then I and all my brother Sciences rejoice. Inventive science shall serve the arts of peace and not of war and I, freed from the shambles of war's slaughter house, shall turn to the mighty task of conquering nature. Some glimmer of the mighty gifts I hold for mankind already shines from Havana, Manila and the Panama. Hasten to find that path to world peace and free me to wage my war. I long to be at work. My weapon shall be a microscope, my enemy a microbe, my battlefield the world and my conquest the gift of health to all mankind, the whole world habitable.

AMERICA. **[With great sadness]** Humanity writhes in a hell of our making. The scorching flames of this world-war have burned away the false foundations and gaudy trappings of military glory that have hidden our sordid greed, and the rivers of blood that we have shed

have washed the ashes away into the sea. The time has come for every ruler to face the brutal fact and speak the shameful truth that profits have been our aim and might has been our law. That portion of the earth that each one of us holds, we took by force of sword and cannon. We have paid for it in blood and bleaching bones and if we maintain such hold, it must be by making all mankind slaves to the war god and paying his ever-growing tribute in the wealth the workers create and in the lives of our children.

You have each declared you were invaded—that is impossible. You have each declared your garments clean of human blood—before God we know we are all equally bespattered with the blood we have shed enforcing our brutal law of MIGHT. In this bitter hour when we are all proven equally guilty, let us find the courage to be men; let us not accuse each other; let us leave behind us the role of lying rulers who vainly try to hide the hellish form of war beneath the trappings of glory and still the cries of our victims with the blatant shouts of patriotism. When lies and shams are dropped, none of us can feel just pride in our rule of our portion of the earth; each spot reeks with the smell of blood and death. There must be some nobler, more Christlike form of government than kings, emperors and presidents have evolved. Let us hear the voice of the common people and perchance it may be the voice of God.

The Drummer springs forward to speak to the mediators.

DRUMMER. Here is the place for "Buttinski" to get busy. I've listened to your highbrow talk until my ear aches. For God's sake! Let's drop the "bull" and get

down to "brass tacks". We all know that what we have always fought for has been this **[draws a handful of bills and silver from his pocket and throws it on the table]** the "long green", the "iron men", the "mazuma." We've togged War out in all sorts of "glad rags" and tried to give him "highfalutin" principles but it was the "jitneys" we were after. But we had just as well get next to this—the game is played out boys—we got to start a new deal. I'll fight as long as I got a fighting chance, but I am no hog for punishment and I know when I got enough. God knows you all got enough now, but you don't know how to yell "quit", so I got to do it for you.

Fighting don't make any money, it just lets a few buzzards hog it all and leaves every one else dog poor. If you want to see the wheels begin to hum and the working class get into the collar to make coin for you, drop your guns like sensible men, shake hands and don't pout and snivel like white livered kids—be game. You can never pile up any bank accounts blowing each other's heads off—war is a damned costly game to play at.

Over in little old U. S. A. we got forty-eight countries as big and just as important as many of yours. We don't spill any good money fighting each other, neither do we let any state hog the seaports. We extend the glad hand over the state line, every state uses our harbors and then we come over here and clean out your piles because you are always fighting among yourselves. That ain't all either—there are twenty republics on that Western Continent and we don't blow any money on forts or make gouging each other's eyes out our national pastimes. Your twaddle about racial differences is all bunk, there is no

more difference in men or business interests between Spain and Sweden than between a Texas cowman and a Connecticut Yankee. We business men used to fight over in U. S. A. just like you kings do until we found out it was a fool thing to do. We learned that there was no money to make cutting each other's throats, so we organized to help each other instead of slitting gullets—now we got things coming our way. Use your forts for granaries, melt your cannons down for carwheels, set your soldiers to work building railroads and planting crops and then watch the coin come rolling in.

What's the fun in being a king anyway when you got to fight all the time for a chance to pose like a cigar store Indian with a crown tipped over one eye? Gee! I wouldn't trade a seat in the bleachers with another good, live shoeman for a pal watching the Browns pound the stuffin' out of the White Sox for any worm-eaten throne in Europe. Forget it boys! Get down and be real, live human beings and you will lose your appetite for war. **[Drummer retires].**

A workman steps forward and addresses the mediators.

WORKMAN. O! mediators we are not glib of tongue or learned in the use of words; only in the simple language of common people can we present our plea. In all the wars History has recorded we were the victims, and all struggles have ever been waged over the fruits of our labor. Slave master, feudal lord and profit monger have since the dawn of civilization worked us, robbed us, armed us and bade us kill ourselves and our brothers to enlarge their territories or to enhance their wealth. Foolish we have been to fight the petty quarrels of our

masters. Misled by our masters' press, mistaught by our masters' school, betrayed by our masters' clergy we have been. Yet stirring within each heart there has lived the dim consciousness of the common brotherhood of man, the solidarity of those who labor. Our rebellions in the past were mercilessly crushed by our masters, even their annals have been torn from the pages of the histories their hirelings have written; but a new pen helps write history to-day; it is wielded by woman and all the gold of the master class is not enough to prostitute her. Our hour has come. We have fought our last battle for the master class; we have taken up their swords for the last time; we swear that the working millions shall no longer slaughter each other at the behest of king, emperor or money changer. Our demands must go in this protocol and what we ask we shall take as our right. We ask but to live—to love—to reproduce our kind—to labor and enjoy the fruits thereof, unrobbed by idlers and unharrassed by wars. We shall be free from brutal exploitation; democracy shall give us a voice in the governments of earth for ourselves, and for the women who gave us life and who will give life to our children. We demand that the roar of war shall be stilled and the grip of the exploiters broken. We would be free to feed, clothe, shelter and comfort the world. We ask that every seaport shall be an open door where our brawny-armed brothers may guide into the harbors the ships we have built and filled with our contributions to the welfare of mankind. When the petty quarrels of kings for territories, and the greed of profit mongers for profits are powerless to provoke war, we shall hide the cruel scars that they have made by planting

wheat and vines above the graves of our fallen brothers.

Workman retires and Democracy steps forward and addresses the mediators.

DEMOCRACY. This war came against my protest. The rulers and corrupt press stilled the voice of protest from the people, and by compulsion and brutal falsehood set the workers at each other's throats. The people feel that they have been betrayed. For the sake of markets that the masters might profit, the people have laid down their lives, butchered their fellowmen and been turned into beasts in an orgy of savagery. In all the proposals of the monarchs I fail to see one guard against another deluge of blood. Democracy demands that the power to declare war shall rest with the people, the whole people, women as well as men. Again mankind cannot consent to any plan that does not give to any nation and any part of a nation the right to live under the national flag and form of government that gives them the fullest freedom and happiness. In the past my realm was confined to the village, the city, the choosing of petty officials, while kings, emperors and changers of blood-stained money have ruled the greater world. My hour has come—my people—the great common people of all nations demand the right to control their own lives.

AMERICA. **[Turning to the mediators]** This is a fateful hour, pregnant with hope for the human race. We have heard the plea of kings, emperors and money changers; we have listened to the voice of History and Democracy; we have heard the demands of the common people. What shall be our judgement?

World Federation, a beautiful young woman bearing an empty flag staff enters (left).

WORLD FEDERATION. I am World Federation and I come in answer to the need of all mankind. You are all soul sick with lies and shams, bloodshed and murder; you all want peace and human brotherhood. A World Federation of all the nations on earth alone will solve your mighty problem. The great United States of America has blazed the path and pointed out the way. There forty-eight sovereign states live in peace and harmony with one central capital where the representatives of all states gather for deliberation. If forty-eight states can live in that Western Continent peacefully in a federation, why cannot all the nations of Europe federate? Why not open every seaport to every ship that plows the sea; why not make the railways the common highways of commerce for mankind? Why not build a capital for this World Federation on the seven hills of Rome, or beside the Rhine, or amid the Alps, or upon the shores of the Mississippi, or on the banks of the Thames? Why not solve there by arbitration all questions of national rights and grievances, and abolish secret diplomacy?

There can be but one judgement possible. Let this go forth to all the world as our desire—the world shall be our nation, each country a state, humanity our race, brotherhood our creed, democracy our form of government and none to share the gifts of God and man but those who serve or labor.

MEDIATORS [in chorus] Hear! Hear! World Federation is the next historic step in the onward march of human progress. What say you all?

[The rulers look at each other doubtfully. Silently a woman from each national group steps to the flag of her nation, takes a strip of red from her

national flag and carries it to World Federation who fastens the strips together into a great banner. As World Federation shakes out the folds of the crimson banner all rise with arms outstretched towards the flag of Brotherhood and the orchestra breaks forth into the strains of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.]

CURTAIN.

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